

ANNIVERSARIES

AND OTHER POEMS

LEONARD HUXLEY

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# ANNIVERSARIES

TO  
MY FELLOW WAYFARERS

# ANNIVERSARIES

BY LEONARD HUXLEY

LONDON  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1920

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## ANNIVERSARIES

SWEET is it at the darkest of the year—

That interlunar cave  
Between the moons of autumn and of spring—  
To light the lamps of home, and summon here  
Into the charmèd firelit ring  
Belovèd presences, gracious or grave,  
As once they were, or still for touch and seeing,  
Stars memoried, or stays of present being.

Each year's appointed days of memory  
An altering garner store ;  
Still beckoning future joys to be their own  
They call to meet them a dim company,  
Phantoms of joy returning lone—  
Of joy once shared with those that share no more ;  
And gladness, in the soul's home come to rest,  
Is couched with grief, an undeparting guest.

Yet pluck the soft plumes from the wings of sorrow  
And make a resting-place  
Where joyous children, nestling close and warm,  
Clear-eyed and confident shall wait the morrow,  
Nor guess how the encircling arm  
Drew from old wounds the secret of such grace,  
Making these days so exquisitely dear  
That in remembrance joys alone appear.

## POETS TO BE

CHILDHOOD lives in a fairy world

Where fancy mints the sterling gold,  
And thought's free charter grants for truth  
The strangest tales by the senses told.

'Tis a little world with a crystal roof

Where the world without comes shining through  
In tangled pictures oddly blent  
Like a bather's limbs in the stream askew.

So from its haunt in a still, brown pool

Some water-creature might glimpse the sky,  
See crooked tops to the tall, straight trees,  
All tangled the more as the wind brushed by,

Till, pressed by the moving hand of power

Through silent growth to the stroke of change,  
It clambers up past the trancing film  
To an airy world with a wider range,

And clinging high to some marsh-grown stem,

Green rush or feathery reed, can hold  
The sun at its heart, and, full of joy,  
Shudders, and lo ! dream wings unfold.

## POETS TO BE

Youth, like the dragon-fly, exquisite-winged,  
Breaks from his sheath, of a sudden free,  
And sees, where the infinite hems him round,  
New life, new light, new liberty.

Youth is yours, wings are yours ; spread them and fly,  
Sons of mine, so shall you sing and rejoice ;  
Spread them and soar with them out to the wild,  
To sight of the vision, to sound of the voice.

Soar—where the poet sees life in its sphere,  
Stoop—for the gems in earth's bosom concealed ;  
Seek the great tides of the spirit of man,  
Grasp, in the lowliest, beauty revealed.

Nourish the flame that youth lights in your heart,  
Poetry's fires, still ageless in age ;  
Strengthen the wings for their measureless flight,  
Poetry's utterance, custom would cage.

Sing—and your ardour by song shall endure ;  
See—and by insight all things shall be new ;  
Eyes by the vision poetic be clear,  
Life by the ardour poetic be true.

## WAYFARERS

ACROSS the moorlands and the open wind-swept spaces  
And country commons unenclosed,  
Past farm and field, hedgerow and fruitful orchard places,  
The quiet lanes run by,  
And the great roads,  
Wherefrom the wanderer's eye,  
Made free of beauty, roams in ecstasy  
O'er sea and sky to clear delight composed.

Smile the near woodlands, all their starry heart revealing,  
And far-seen, through the chance hedge-gap,  
Hill-gleams of shimmering blue, mysterious depths concealing ;  
Or where calm valleys break  
The windy ridge,  
Lo ! each a golden lake,  
Ripens the treasure that by toil men take  
From earth's ungiving, unwithholding lap.

Stir of the woods, airs of the moorlands still untaken  
By man's indomitable toil,  
Breathe the breath of the wild in the ordered fields, and waken  
In hearts that understand  
Life to be lived ;  
And on the ancient land  
Joy as of endless morning lays her hand,  
And youth undying springs from this dear soil.

## WAYFARERS

Ways ever open, ever free for such communion,  
With what despair your pilgrim sees  
Where man has wrought and Nature joined in loveliest union,  
Upraised a stubborn wall ;  
Knows parked and pent  
Beyond his utmost call  
Things best beloved ; only where trees are tall  
May guess the flower-starred depths, the freshening breeze.

Comrades and lovers ! O beloved on my life's wayfaring !  
Your hearts are what the woodlands show :  
Your love the airs that from the mountains breathe, repairing  
The labour and the stress,  
The road's fatigue ;  
Draw near again to bless,  
Though jealous walls, the woodland past, oppress,  
And bar your access to the way I go.

I hear you, though the appointed barrier stands unbroken  
That bids us leave a world unsaid ;  
Clear call, I hear you—watchword cried afar for token  
That parted ways shall spell  
Meeting at last,  
The heart its burden tell.  
O comrades, forward ! On the open fell  
No wall debars ; the road is free to tread.

## APRIL NORTH TO APRIL SOUTH

Do you ask me if I too  
Love the flowers so dear to you  
Tricked out by a lavish spring  
In brightest liveries for a king  
Who holds a court more brilliant far  
Than summers in our Northland are ?  
There where purple mountains face  
Rival blues in sea and sky—  
Sun-suffused, aerial space,  
Waves of liquid lazuli—  
Nature's minions, sculpturing slow  
Rib and buttress, curious groins,  
And pinnacles with fretted quoins,  
A marvellous amphitheatre built,  
Whose seaward, skyward sides aglow  
Catch the sunlight, prodigal spilt.  
There the tide of flowering things  
Sun-begotten, following still  
The generous power's triumphant will,  
Flooding from Earth's vital springs  
Sweeps o'er violet-haunted dales  
And orange groves with orchis starred  
And thickets where the roses guard  
The loud, love-challenging nightingales,



## APRIL NORTH TO APRIL SOUTH

Past the jonquil meadows sweet,  
Past hayfields fringed with barren plume  
Of blue grape-hyacinths' spiry bloom,  
And flower-shoes for no earth-child's feet,  
"Our Lady's Slippers," crimson dyed ;  
Past red windflowers on the broad hillside,  
And fragrant heath and tall bluebell  
And cytissus and asphodel,  
Till high above the trellised vine  
And lemon-grove beloved of bees,  
The sentinel cypress and crookt pine  
Bid the last terraced olives cease,  
And the full waves of that great tide  
Break on the hill in beauty wide  
With white narcissus for their foam.

But yet bethink you how at home  
Bare earth will soon put on her dress  
Of subtler-woven loveliness,  
When cloudier April, greyer spring,  
That shy'er coming, slower fade,  
Silver each brake and leafless glade  
With gauzy mists of blossoming.

Not here those ardent suns unloose  
Colour on colour to burn the eye,  
All Nature's palette spilt profuse  
For blaze of generous pageantry.  
Here less of fire and more of dew,  
A fragrance of less heady wine,  
A charm each spring more subtly new,

## APRIL NORTH TO APRIL SOUTH

A grace more virginal and fine.  
Soon will pale blackthorn fringe with lace  
The sombre yew-trees on the down—  
And gorse make glad each empty space  
Between the ploughland and the town.  
Soon will the Whitsun hay stand deep  
In water-meads, and oxeye bold  
'Mid buttercup and sorrel keep  
A true Field of the Cloth of Gold,  
And bluebells thick in budding woods  
Stretch pool on pool from tree to tree,  
All heaven in their dew-drenched floods  
Of blue that mock your Midland sea.  
And earlier yet, while young leaves lie  
Still folded in their sheaths of brown  
On branches bare, my heart will cry  
With joy to see spread all adown  
Hedgerow and woodland glade, the best  
Of all to me and loveliest,  
Pale darling of our backward spring,  
The primrose, type of innocent grace  
'Twixt child and woman, imaging  
From shadowy dreams the unknown face  
And aspect of real things to be ;  
With scent—the very fragrance shed  
By Love, in winged uncertainty  
Hovering about some girlish head ;  
Fragrance that faint and intimate  
Lingers to crown the lover's kiss,  
One perfect moment, howso fate  
Deals out the ultimate pain or bliss.

## APRIL NORTH TO APRIL SOUTH

Lover of these, were I with you,  
What dreams of rapture we'd pursue !  
But April's here ! Were you with me  
We'd know life's dearest mystery !

## THE BATHER

STILL is the lake ; in lucent air  
Serene o'er its own shadow bowed,  
The wet hill hangs, as faintly fair  
And unsubstantial as a cloud.  
Still is the lake ; clear skies to-day  
Succeed the rains of yester-night ;  
The dark flood-waters idly play  
With shadowed hill, with misty light.  
No single sound breaks in ; I hear  
The breath, it seems, of living earth ;  
Near things seem far, and far things near,  
Like visions of celestial birth.  
Secure in such still solitude  
The wild-fowl dot the distant bay,  
And seagulls that of late pursued  
Through restless seas their hard-won prey,  
In this deep inland calm take tithe  
Of easy spoil.

Here as I pass  
A mower cuts with old-world scythe  
Slow-falling swaths of sedgy grass,  
Whose yellowing fringe winds close about  
The wrinkled bank, where level lake  
And meadow-flat wind in and out  
And mimic bays and headlands make :—

## THE BATHER

Sole figure in this lonely space,  
He swings and pauses, turns and swings,  
Nor heeds the glory of the place,  
Nor of these far, uplifting things,  
Man's heritage, claims any share.

One long field, by sweet runnels fed,  
That in the South mere ditches were,  
But here spired plantain rears its head  
And grey-eyed yarrow's silvery lip  
Smiles norland welcome :—Last, a row  
Of screening alders ; there I strip  
And barefoot through soft grasses go  
Where Derwent, curving to the mere,  
Swift in his seeming stillness slides,  
A moving mirror, darkly clear,  
Deep-pooled beneath his hanging sides.

Poised for the plunge, erect I take  
The benison of the sun : I see  
The toil-bound mower by the lake  
Still swing his scythe, but I am free.  
I poise, I plunge :—the mirrored hills  
Rise up to meet me as I leap.  
How the cool stream my body thrills,  
Silken and soft and fresh as sleep !

## THE PASS OF THE THOUSAND STEPS

PASS of the Thousand Steps—by vanished men  
Of ancient generations delved and dight,  
Scarce-trodden staircase to the lonely height  
That joins green shore and solitary glen,  
The work stands witness past the centuries  
To those grave builders in their steadfast might,  
Briton or Roman, conquered or conqueror,  
Whether for traffic built and civic ease,  
Or planned for forays and the swifter spoils of war.

But we who break this solitude to-day  
An age-long solitude of silent years,  
Follow no more the glint of raiders' spears  
Nor pack-slaves sweating up the stony way ;  
Gain seek not nor dominion ; for our quest,  
Child of long peace, and free from alien fears,  
Turns to more gracious use their rude design,  
And on the heights whereto they blindly pressed,  
Uplifted we see visions for their sight too fine.

Men change and pass ; the earth-power cradling all,  
Moves as it moved on its unhasting march  
Before the Roman learned the bridging arch,  
Before the Cymry felt a conqueror's thrall.  
Hateful to them the aspect of these rocks  
Deep graved by frosts that splinter, suns that parch,

## THE PASS OF THE THOUSAND STEPS

Which now we love ; and o'er yon glimpse of sea  
The west wind shepherding his cloudy flocks  
Spoke but the need of shelter from the storm to be.

With alien eyes they saw this self-same track  
Skirt the dark llyn's rock-shadowed depths and thread  
These cool, wet pastures to the far dale-head ;  
Saw these bright ferns cling in each stony crack,  
Saw purple heath, with knots of golden gorse,  
For Rhinog's royal state a mantle spread,  
This matted moss with sundew's pearls besprent,  
And butterworts beside this marshy course  
Like green stars shining in a grassy firmament.

We, later breed of less imperious clay,  
Climb lightly what they built with stifled groan  
And labouring breath—image it, stone on stone,  
Step upon step, across the trackless way  
A steadfast path, whereon the questing soul  
May surely pass the untraversed hills, and lone,  
Uncharted, high, estranging solitudes,  
With airs too thin for common breath, that roll  
'Twixt heart and heart far off with mutual longing viewed.

What though in mind we never may attain  
That cheerful hope, nor soul to soul embrace,  
Yet well if firm awhile our steps we base  
Where underfoot the stones we tread on, strain  
The myrtle scent from fragrant mountain leaves  
And the far outlook swims through ampler air ;

## THE PASS OF THE THOUSAND STEPS

And if we pause, lo ! where we lie, the grass  
Green blades and tiniest flowers for carpet weaves,  
And to our being unsought a thousand beauties pass.

Though idle hope that visionary bourne  
May never reach, still these old stones shall rest  
A landmark of the unconsummated quest  
That leaves not even the unfinding heart forlorn.  
Nay, haply, we being gone, its stairs may guide  
New souls to visions by us unpossessed  
That wait their finer insight to remove  
The veil from powers that join us or divide,  
Life, change and death—death and all-reconciling love.

NOTE.—A few miles south of Harlech Castle an unfrequented road leaves the coast and, following a transverse glen into the heart of the hills, merges at last in a solitary track, which crosses a rocky col into the wide valley beyond. This track is carried over the steep ascent by a long flight of steps, massive slabs of native stone roughly kerbed on either side, and nearly all still in position as they were placed by the unknown builders of a forgotten antiquity.



## THE ROCK GARDEN

SEE, little gardener, in this coign  
Of garden ground, our work is done ;  
Brave shows our rockery by the wall  
Set for alternate shade and sun.

But yesterday mere stones and earth :—  
Unmeaning stones in casual heaps,  
Unsightly earth by cartloads shot,  
No beauty owns nor fairy keeps.

Two spades, a barrow, willing hands,  
Much nature-love, a pinch of art,  
And ledge and cranny, nook and shelf,  
To careless-seeming order start.

A rockery, so others say :—  
We know it for the bodily frame  
Where dwells, serene in lowland air,  
The spirit that the hills acclaim.

This tiny cliff of quarried stone  
Shall bear your thoughts to craggier heights,  
And these same crannied flowers revive  
Visions of clearer Alpine lights.

## THE ROCK GARDEN

With purple throat and lip of gold  
We saw this creeping toadflax trail  
Grey stems upon the cold grey slopes  
Of bare moraine or crumbling shale.

In clefts below the gaunt ice-foot  
This close-pressed saxifrage I found,  
And where we rested in our climb  
That starry cluster gemmed the ground.

O'er the Blue Glacier, windswept, sheer,  
The Black Crag lours ; right from its crest  
I plucked the tufted seed, whence sprang  
This windflower, nodding to the west.

And this, that in a tumbling stream  
Splashed isles like living sunshine, here  
By sunken tub and runlet thin  
Shall point with gold the glowing year.

Nor of the towered Alps only breathe  
These blossomed memories ; marsh and moor,  
Woodlands and wolds in this dear isle  
Their tributary influence pour.

This was the sea-pink's seed, last crown  
Of royal Tintagel's ruinous hold ;  
That kingfern clung to wild sea-cliffs  
By Merlin haply known of old.

## THE ROCK GARDEN

And dearer still for friendship's sake  
The norland forest's blue-eyed guest ;  
And, shy child of the wilderness,  
This white wood-lily from the west ;

Or that close herb whose breathèd name  
The very breath and air might be  
Of uplands where it threads with blue  
The woven grass—Jasioné.

Here in the heat and stress we catch  
That vivifying breath ; we feel  
Nature's large touch, her mothering hand  
To soothe or strengthen, round us steal,

Whether in joy's uncounted hours  
She whispers of life's vaster ring,  
Or calms despair with mightier thoughts  
That make of grief a holy thing.

O little gardener, we have learned  
This lore together, you and I ;  
Will you, as I, in years to come  
Recall this dear affinity ?

And yet enough, if but my hand  
In aught has helped you make this toy  
With flowers and stones and loving toil  
A forecourt to the shrine of joy.

## HELVETIA REDITURA

SNOWFIELDS and bleak, star-searching crags,  
Lone pastures, soft with sound  
Of far-off bells' enchanted chime  
And falling waters round,

And valleys, where the hurrying sun  
Heaps tardy summer up  
'Twixt snow and snow, and brims with warmth  
Her life-engendering cup—

Far off, 'mid less inspiring airs  
Of my low, sea-worn land,  
Let my tired eyes one moment close  
And these are near at hand.

Gone are the dusty streets, the air  
Thick with the city's breath ;  
Uprise the peaks, upsprings the breeze  
That haunts the ice beneath.

Once more the dancing lanterns lead  
Across the starlit snows ;  
Once more the darkling blue grows cold,  
The pale dawn spreads and glows.

## HELVETIA REDITURA

Once more the crisp snow seems to lend  
Strange speed to eager feet,  
Till the cold glories of the dawn  
Merge in the cloudless heat.

I quit the snow : I grip the rock,  
The grinning "chimney" try,  
And glorious struggling, breathless, torn,  
Thread the "Gold Needle's" eye.

Toil, triumph, rest ; then in the immense  
Embrace of silence glows  
One unimaginable hour  
The plainsman never knows.

But lids unclosed, and you are gone,  
Dear visionary gleam.  
Was it the passing motor mocked  
The torrent in my dream ?

The pile of papers on my desk—  
Was this my dream-*sérac* ?  
My truant pen the axe that hewed  
Steps in its broad, white back ?

Go, vision, for you must ; but not  
Too far ; and when I'm fain  
For your dear freshness, come and peep  
Through my closed lids again.

## THE HERBETET HUT

Look ! past these shaly slopes, on that green patch  
That cups a little spring and richly spreads  
Gold flowers and blue for welcome to our feet,  
That shall be home to-night ; with rude stone walls,  
Low roof and leaky if it rains, rough couch,  
A tiny chalet full of fragrant hay  
Bare perched upon the bare, lone mountain side ;  
With solitary slopes, high bastioned in,  
Unpastured by companionable herds  
Necklaced with bells that at each movement make  
Such music to our ears as opening flowers  
Stirred by the sun-steeped wind, would waken low  
For fairy hearing of the elves that dance  
Beyond the joyous dawn. These wild, still slopes  
Are haunted but by shy, horned mountain things,  
By silent interchange of day and night,  
Snow-loosing sun and eyes of dewy stars,  
And the large visitation of the winds.

This shall be home for us ; all day, all night,  
For bourdon of earth's choric song, in the wild  
Made clear, the solemn, indeterminate boom  
Of distant torrents fills the gaps of thought,  
Insistent, monitory, unappeased,  
An organ voice, unheard in the shrill whirl  
And clatter of streets, that tells of what has been,

## THE HERBETET HUT

And is, and what shall be. Through all our days  
We strive with Nature, but she takes her own  
At last, and we decline the fight, and yield  
Our bodies and our visions unfulfilled,  
Leaving alone for those that follow us  
A shining thread impalpable, as fine  
As that which Odin wove to bind the wolf  
Fenrir, the enemy of gods and men.  
He wove it of the tiniest things that pass  
From sense to soul, from Nature's heart to man's,  
And passing, touch and soothe and make no stir  
At all ; as when a mother, passing by  
About her household work, one instant lays  
A soft touch on the face of her sleeping child  
And wakes it not, but makes the sleep more sweet  
And calm and full of freshness ; so we leave  
More than the moment's memory of our names.  
Loves, hopes, renunciations, fortitudes,  
And strength to drive and pity to sustain,  
Of these is wrought the filmy thread that holds  
Man's world secure in the flux of Nature's world,  
And shapes the pattern for the woof of life  
To be, and guides the weaver whose live deeds  
Are the web's self, so in the tropic seas  
Where fairy atolls dot the unplumbed main  
Like foam-fringed lilies anchored in the blue,  
Or where the Great Reef, battling with the surge,  
Bars for a thousand miles the long-pulsed rush  
And heave of waters sweeping undeterred  
Half the world round, the tiny corals build  
Betwixt the breakers and the lifeless deep,

## THE HERBETET HUT

The building of the past for base, their own  
The wider base for buildings mightier still,  
A house of life the imperishable dead  
Uphold against the shocks of time and chance.

Dusk gathers in the valley ; on the clear  
Sun-keeping heights, best jewelled at the last,  
The voices cease not, whom with glad hearts men  
Hear, or self-pity :—but serene they speak  
Now of the appointed measure of joy, and now  
Of hopes austere, by no bright phantom hue  
Of visionary wishes gilded o'er,  
Voices of springing waters, voices of winds  
Above me, round me, that past splintered peaks  
Float out in ragged drifts of sound, or make  
Of scarred, rough gulleys and rude-fluted clefts  
Strange hautboy throats, reedy of utterance, dim  
And slurred, ever waiting for interpreter  
The heart that Nature teaches, Nature loves.

Dusk gathers, and across the golden flowers  
In their green cup, we turn to that low cot,  
Its tiny shelter in the immense, its hearth  
For human comfort under the stars' eyes,  
The cold eyes of the planets and the stars ;  
So small to front the silences of space,  
So lonely to outface the unplumbed vast,  
Yet in the unharvested, unpastured heights  
It stands for all mankind, and to the call  
Of those dim powers and prophecies of fate  
It answers low : “ This shall be home to-night.”



## THE WATERFALL

SHEER falls the stream, a thousand feet,  
Sheer down the mountain's buttressed wall,  
In silver shafts whose pulses beat  
The moments as they pause and fall.

Last night's wild clouds about the crest  
Linger, the grey just pierced with blue,  
As though beyond their depths unguessed  
The infinite showed faintly through.

Out of the mists, itself a mist,  
Of momentary glory fain,  
By frail air cradled, fleet rays kissed,  
It leaps—to seek the mists again.

Lo ! Nature, with one touch supreme,  
Through beauty's slow-unravelled veil,  
Hints the large truth, the immortal scheme,  
Life's passage down the cyclic scale.

## THE PINE-TREE

HIGH on the bluff the soaring pine  
Lifts up his head against the sky ;  
He hears the torrent roar below,  
He sees the mists go swirling by.

Firm sentinel, his ceaseless watch  
Shelters the valley, holds the cloud ;  
The wandering winds that pass his ward  
Call forth his challenge, low or loud.

He builds the cottage, feeds the fire,  
And at the last, root, stock and branch,  
In one vast wreckage spends his strength  
To stem the engulfing avalanche.

## BALLADE OF THE ARGENTIÈRE

“ THE singing Mason building walls  
Of gold ” with fancy richly dight,  
Wrought of yon snows Adventure’s halls  
For kilted dame and hob-nailed knight ;  
And there set one, erect and slight,  
On “ Running Water’s ” frozen stair,  
A marvel in plain folks’ despite,  
The Girl of the Argentière.

Strange novice ! When the mountain calls,  
She like a veteran takes the height,  
Swings outward to the ramp that falls,  
With foot unflinching poised upright.  
For hers unknown her father’s might,  
Of Alpine art unconscious heir.  
Faith smiles : *we* fain would track by sight  
The Girl of the Argentière.

From Lognan, lantern-light forestalls  
The dawn ; day prints us, black on white,  
A string of busy flies that crawls  
Ice-long, or—peril exquisite—  
The spidery line our axes write  
Up the last face ; those steeps, that air  
Proclaim what marvellous powers incite  
The Girl of the Argentière.

## BALLADE OF THE ARGENTIÈRE

### ENVOI

Sir, strength is much ; but, an you're right,  
Heredity's the lion's share ;  
Wanting such sire, who matches quite  
The Girl of the Argentière ?

NOTE.—Mr. A. E. W. Mason's heroine in *Running Water*, scaling the Aiguille d'Argentière as her first Alpine ascent, displays a wonderful instinct for mountaineering, which proves to be an unknown inheritance latent in her blood. You, my dear C. B., to whom the sight of this noble peak was so familiar, so intriguing, and yet so remote, led us yourself to begin that unforgettable three days' climbing with the Argentière, in order to satisfy our burning curiosity as to the young lady's performance. You can now contemplate the mountain with triumph and content.

## FROM THE FELLSIDE

THIS heather from the hill I pluck,  
And as I pluck I think of you ;  
There's red for love and white for luck,  
And both for comrades tried and true.

I pluck this heather on the hill,  
A double talisman for you,  
To win you good, to ward you ill,  
If troth afar so much may do.

From hills austere this heather goes  
To where new roses lap you round.  
It yields in passion to the rose,  
But at its heart, ah ! faith is found.

## DOWN AWAY

WHAT are you doing this Midsummer Day

Down away, down under Capricorn ?

Your veldt is brown, your kopjes are grey,

But here is the waft of the springing hay,

And the rose that trod on the heels of May

To catch—dear heart—ere the song should fail,

The last love-call of the nightingale ;—

And the homely pink in sweetness spread

Loose-bordered about a formal bed,

When the dews lie white on the dawnlit grass

In a fond pretence pranked out to pass

For morning frost in a world of green ;—

And lo ! at nights from a fount unseen

In the honeyed depth of each fragrant cup

Wave upon wave, warm scents well up

Through silent garden, through darkening room,

And over the waves, through the charmed gloom,

A thousand thoughts put forth to sea

Let loose by a wakened memory ;

Frail craft and tenderly freighted all

And steering with Fancy for Admiral.

Each, nautilus-like, a pennon spreads—

A living web of sensitive threads

Aquiver to catch the breath that blows

From fairyland ; then lightly goes

## DOWN AWAY

A thousand leagues o'er the lonely vast  
As swift, as still as a dream, upborne  
Half a world on till it finds you at last—  
They call it "to-day!"—one wintry morn  
Down away, down under Capricorn.

With you, ah strange! it is Midwinter Day,  
Down away, down under Capricorn,  
Where the seasons change though the dial stay,  
And crisp and clear on a plain of grey,  
Pursued and pursuer, in ruthless play  
Speed dewless sun and shrivelling frost,  
And lo! in the wake of their dancing tossed,  
Whirling and swirling the yellow dust-devils  
Leap at the hills and crowd thick on the levels,  
And the green things vanish, for hide they must  
When a thankless world is lapped in dust.  
Do you long for the moonlight on English lawns,  
To watch it fade in the summer dawns,  
When the planets faint in the changing blue,  
And for stars the lilies come shimmering through  
The scented dusk's uncertainty?  
To sit in the garden we know, maybe,  
And hear the willows beside the lake  
Their breathless moan in the still air make,  
Or over the lawn as the dance begins  
The wail at the heart of the violins?  
It is home, with the tall familiar trees,  
Dear faces and heart's dear certainties.  
But you come not when the music calls;

## DOWN AWAY

Under alien stars your willows mourn,  
And no lilies shine when the soft dusk falls  
On the land whose soul is the spirit of scorn  
Down away, down under Capricorn.

Forgotten? Ah no, though long you stay  
Down away, down under Capricorn.  
Keep ready a haven by night and day  
With love for a mark in the clear fairway,  
And now maybe one, now maybe a score  
Of my fairy fleet as they skirt your shore  
Will see your mark and the fairway clear,  
And out of the deep to your haven steer,  
And land for cargo a thought of you.  
"O friend," it signs, "to your friend be true,  
Though under the spell of the South you range,  
And new lights rise and the old lights change.  
And some day, over the pathless track  
My comrades sail, you must send one back,  
Just to the sender who sent us forth,  
Just to the home in the faithful North."  
—You hear? You heed? Let it find me soon  
To swear old pledges are not forsworn,  
Old friends pushed out, old links outworn,  
Though subtly held by a wizard moon  
Your life-tides pulse to an alien tune  
That would charm you fast to that far-off bourne  
Down away, down under Capricorn.



## A VISION OF MAY

RAPT in the presence of the secret god,

Silent, aloof—the priestess stands, nor sees  
Vain crowd nor worshippers intent, who trod  
The grapes of life and seek the sacred wine

Her chalice holds ; her heart is not with these ;  
It broke with earth ; it waits the breath divine.

The dusky hair like night on her tense brow

Shadows the blue, dim, vision-haunted eyes ;  
She seems by her wild, flower-heaped altar now  
Some new Iseult, with knowledge all too great

Of grief and passion and the mysteries  
Men love and dread, high heaven and nethermost fate

We kneel to her, scarce knowing if we kneel

To God or Priestess, Love or the Beloved.  
O far-off eyes, your haunted depths reveal !

Touch us, pale hands ! Your burden is our peace.

Is the god dumb ? the woman's heart unmoved ?  
Yet bring new flowers ; our worship shall not cease.

## SPEEDWELL

SPEEDWELL, blue flower of happy name,  
I send thee now blithe skylarks tell  
Spring's watchword as their sweet acclaim—  
Speed well.

Its buds on every fallow swell,  
And the bright wish it bids me frame  
Fills earth as music fills a shell.

A little flower of little fame  
Is this to thee ; but it shall spell  
For every season still the same  
Speed well.

## BABLOCKHITHE

GOOD-BYE to stream and sunny bank  
And landward line of poplar-trees,  
That slope adown in silver rank  
Where lies the little inn at peace ;  
And o'er the ferry, nigh at hand,  
With tug of labourers weary-blithe,  
Slow hay-wains leave the meadow-land,  
And cross the stream at Bablockhithe.

Wild rose we have, and traveller's joy,  
And round the prow a lily crown,  
With meadowsweet about our feet,  
As we row back to Oxford town.

Good-bye, sweet fields that Isis bound,  
Slow stream of midsummer delight,  
We needs must leave your golden ground,  
And see the sun dissolve in night,  
The happy sky, the stream aflame,  
Cleft by the green bank's reedy ridge,  
One picture in a grey stone frame  
Beneath the arch of Godstow bridge.

Good-bye ! We have not spent in vain  
The warm, slow hours of this long day ;

## BABLOCKHITHE

They lull to rest the sense of strain  
With music of the waterway ;  
Good-bye ! the woodlands answer back  
With wild birds' vesper psalmody ;  
The ripples widen in our track,  
And sway the sedge to breathe Good-bye !

Wild rose we have, and traveller's joy  
And round the prow a lily crown,  
With meadowsweet about our feet  
As we row back to Oxford town.

## JULY

WHEN every bud is come to blossom  
And every bough is full of scent,  
And honey-bees with ceaseless murmur  
Crowd to the gardens of content :—  
Ah ! then July  
Is come anigh  
And warm delight scarce leaves us time to sigh.

When life is like a slumbrous vision,  
And buds of hope are flower-fulfilled,  
When darkest fear by light is scattered,  
And love in mute perfection stilled :—  
Ah ! then July  
Is come anigh,  
And warm delight scarce leaves us time to sigh.

When we're assured a bright to-morrow  
Succeeds the sunshine of to-day,  
Nor ever sadness overshadows  
Our happy heaven with sorrow grey :—  
Ah ! then July  
Is come anigh  
And warm delight scarce leaves us time to sigh.

## “ NINETEEN.”

THE days grow less with lengthening night,  
But bracken-bed and songless brere  
The waning sun has gilded bright,  
And stained with red the forest sere.  
The wet wind wails by hill and mere  
And hurries mist through dell and dene,  
And all the world is sad and drear  
When you awake to be nineteen.

This is the day when dark and light  
Divided crowns of empire wear,  
And in these neutral hours unite  
The circles of the strophic year,  
For summer doffs her garlands here,  
And autumn turns to gold their green,  
Their flower to fruit, to sad their cheer,  
When you awake to be nineteen.

With widening years your wider sight  
Will see the dark of life draw near,  
And wage with childhood's pure delight  
A warfare dark with shades of fear.

“NINETEEN ”

Ah ! then across the dead days' bier  
Childhood will lay what good has been,  
Nobler to shine in this new sphere  
When you awake to be nineteen.

ENVOI

Sister, with love for shield and spear,  
You shall subdue and be a queen ;  
Take love our gift and keep it, dear,  
When you awake to be nineteen.

## NOVEMBER

(This month signifies fidelity in friendship.)

MONTH of the golden leaves that fall and fall,  
Spilling their gold on irresponsible earth,  
What solace brings thy hand that makes this dearth,  
What inward joy to feed the soul withal ?  
For thine 'tis not with April's voice to call  
The world to rapture in Love's passionate birth,  
To lead high summer's pageants, nor the mirth  
Of harvest with his yearly festival.

Thy hand that strips the boughs of their delight  
Lays bare their gracious strength, too strong for scathe,  
And for thy children holds the steadfast sign  
Of the strong heart and constant ; theirs the right  
To kindle love and keep it, faith for faith,  
Love's best prerogative and most divine.



## A MIDWINTER BIRTHDAY

WHAT garland wreathes your birthday, 'mid the snow  
Of brawling winter, when the woodland kings,  
Discrowned of summer, dare the buffetings  
Of rebel winds that once did softly blow ?  
For now no tiniest flower her face dares show,  
But hides while to the storm the grim oak swings  
Stark boughs embattled, and the pine still rings  
With green his loneliness where no flowers grow.

Choose not the oak—strength reft of lovelier grace,  
Nor jealous pine, who spurns earth's dearest gift ;  
But this, whose fadeless boughs show tipped with fire,  
Warmed with man's joy—this holly, round whose base  
An armoury of thorns the leaves uplift,  
But grow to smoothness as the stems aspire.

## IN WINTER TIME

THIS is no cage that safe and warm,  
    Little brown bird,  
Tempts your wild heart, with scarce love's least alarm,  
To pause and shelter here, and stay  
A little, daring the untried—  
Those fears that will not when they may,  
Those startled flights when none affray,  
    Shy comings, faint retreats,  
    Leaping heart-beats,  
Unschool'd, untamed—all laid aside,  
For one still moment pacified.

Here is an hour's harbourage,  
    Little brown bird,  
To rest in and to leave ; it is no cage,  
But foretaste of the unbuilt nest,  
Where aching dream and vague desire  
Unsatisfied, that sting your breast,  
Shall melt into impassioned rest.  
    Here sip felicity  
    And then go free ;  
Keep the glow kindled by my fire,  
But leave remembrance for your hire.

## SYLVESTER EVE

MIST in the hollow and dusk on the hill !  
Islands of tree-tops peer through the grey,  
Washed by the waves of a sea that is still,  
Stirred by no breath of the busier day.

Silence of winter meets sadness of eve,  
Pale, with no splendour of sunset and frost ;  
Silvery-sombre the tissue they weave,  
Out of the dreams of the days we have lost.

Stillness around and below and above !  
Save once when loud in the leafless boughs—  
Is it sudden wings of a scared wood-dove,  
Or the passing soul of the year that I rouse ?

Once the far bells from the village unseen  
Steal through the deadening wreaths of the fog ;  
Once through the drip from the beech-boughs lean  
Home calls in the bark of the farmyard dog.

You in the valley and I on the hill  
So are beset by impalpable powers,  
Blinding our senses, frustrating our will,  
As we seek the true eyes that are seeking for ours.

## SYLVESTER EVE

Hands may embrace not and eyes may not see ;  
Blind worlds may part us, and darkness unmoved ;  
Yet what if unclasped and unkissed we must be,  
So the heart carries inly the presence beloved ?

## MORNING IN LONDON

LONDON streets and a morn of grey,  
Clouds that hurry but never break :—  
Did I dream my dreams in the curtained night ?  
Alas ! for the vision of eyes that wake !

Snarling winds from the leafless square  
Leap at my heart and slash at my eyes ;  
They whirl no dust but the dust of dreams ;  
Wet comes ere the windswept pavement dries.

Spring has forgotten her way through the streets,  
And you that should read me the spring in your gaze,  
You that should light me the lamp that is quenched,  
Have you, too, forgotten these many days ?

Stay ! A white thought flashes out of the gloom,  
Like a seagull haunting a town-girt mere ;  
Your voice came out of the void to-day,  
And still it follows and still I hear.

Has spring forgotten ? Yet you have not.  
I dream of the sun, past wind and rain,  
For to-night—dear voice, sing the message anew—  
I shall meet you bringing the spring again.

## BALLADE OF ST. MARTIN'S CLOCK

GLAD is the feast of St. Valentine

When Town's black twilight turns to grey,  
And in woodland walks at the snowdrop's sign  
Love first dares dream of the coming May.

But for me, of a sudden, splashed streets grow gay,  
And my heart leaps up with a joyous shock,

When at half-past five on my homeward way.  
I can see the time by St. Martin's clock.

All winter the fogged street-lamps confine

My smarting sight to their dull display,  
Where the shop-fronts flare and the flash-lights twine,  
Roof-high, strange legends with fitful ray.

All winter I've longed for the lengthening day ;  
Lo now, with never a warning knock,

Spring stands at the door—she has come to stay :  
I can see the time by St. Martin's clock.

Pall Mall I passed gloomily ; who could divine

On Trafalgar Square what enchantment lay ?  
It stirred my blood like a fairy wine,  
Spring's spirit distilled by an April fay.

## BALLADE OF ST. MARTIN'S CLOCK

Sure Nelson in stone might yield to its sway,  
And turning, I vow, on his pillared block,  
Clap his glass to his blindest eye and say  
"I can see the time by St. Martin's clock."

### ENVOI

Princess, if one impulse twin souls obey,  
Does not yours feel its prison with mine unlock,  
When at half-past five on my homeward way  
I can see the time by St. Martin's clock?

## SEAWARD

WERE I with you on the shining sea  
    (Dance, brave billows and curdling foam !)  
I would loose my soul from its workaday me,  
Forgetting the rub of the London street,  
The books to read and the men to meet,  
The precious hours whose best has slipped  
In tasting a tenth-rate manuscript.  
While you should steer, I'd lie in the sun,  
And on tired limbs let the sunbeams run,  
Till evening falls and the sailing ends  
    (O cradling waters !—O shoreless home !)  
And the drifting stars bring close my friends.

Were I with you on the summer sea,  
    (Dance, brave billows and crisping foam !)  
O Mariner mine, you should sing for me  
The songs too fine for my dust-dried voice,  
The dreams that my secret heart rejoice,  
Of the sea-queen fronting the sun or the gale  
And she stands by the tiller and watches the sail ;  
Of the dream-princess whose haunting eyes  
No workaday spells can exorcise.  
Dream, day ! Sing, night ! Make dreams come true,  
    (O cradling waters !—O sea-swayed home !)  
For the dream am I, and the song are you.



## SEAWARD

Were I with you on the starlit sea,  
    (Dance, brave billows, nor break in foam !)  
The song and the dream should forge for me  
The precious links of a jewelled rhyme  
To bind us fast till the end of time ;  
And voice that uttered and ear that heard  
Should live as one in the poet's word,—  
The word that calls with the call of the deep,  
“ Dear heart, awake ! Is your soul asleep ?  
Let it watch with mine, when dreams descend  
    (O cradling waters ! O timeless home !)  
Till the star-song is ours from end to end.”

## BE STILL, CONTENT THEE

BE still, content thee, sweet my heart,  
Thy love is near thee  
Whose true eye sees thee as thou art,  
Whose truth can hear thee.

Fear not for what thou think'st can mar  
The heart thou givest ;  
In thy true radiance as a star  
To him thou livest.

The loveliness in thee unblown  
He sees most truly,  
Which to thyself shall Time make known,  
Love labouring duly.

Fear not his eyes that look thee through,  
They find thee dearer  
Than thou dost dream while love is new  
Nor thy sight clearer.

Fear not his presence ; he will take  
Thy terrors nameless  
Within his heart to sleep, and wake  
Sweet joys and blameless.

BE STILL, CONTENT THEE

Be still, content thee, sweet my heart,  
Sweetheart, content thee ;  
Come to him even as thou art,  
As Love hath sent thee.

## FIRST LOSS

SHE is gone : Death's unremitting, unremorseful hand hath taken her  
To his garths of desolation, silent home of spirits lone,  
To a land where never voices from the living may awaken her  
She is gone.

But her memory, sweet as music, haunts us with a holy tone,  
And her life—for love and beauty, hope and strength have ne'er forsaken  
her,  
Lives in onward lives, with loving hearts for her memorial stone.

Now the doubt and heavy sorrow that in other days have shaken her  
Fall away, and leave to guide us steadfast ways wherein she shone ;  
Yet no more her voice can tell if we have known her or mistaken her,  
She is gone.

## THE HERB OF YOUTH

By what strange herb, gathered in midnight gloom  
Of Colchian hills, her spell Medea wrought,  
And once again to youthful glory brought  
Old age, through the dread gates of death and doom,  
None knows,—and ah ! how few would dare assume  
A gift with so deep desolation fraught ;  
New life without old friends, love dearly sought  
To seek anew ; for fruit, uncertain bloom.

But here no bodily enchantment is  
That wins me back towards youth full many a year ;  
Rather as some gnarled tree at April's kiss  
Remembers spring, so come to me, most dear,  
A boy's delight, a brother's memories,  
In the clear sunlight of those childlike eyes.

## BYGONE SPRING

FOR me, you say, there blooms no second spring  
Who have outlived the first, and so outgrown  
The brimming faculty of life—have known  
My lyric hour, my April, blossoming  
When Love came on passion-breathèd wing,  
By that same breath forspent and earthward blown :—  
Seen sober harvest reaped where joy had sown,  
And stilled the rapture that once used to sing.

No second spring ! I tell you, Love's not spent  
With its first flame ;—'tis the deep glowing pyre  
Whose ash runs red at the true lover's breath :—  
The bride-bloom, that yearlong with fruit is blent,  
The spirit of dreams, the soul of earth's desire,  
Whose living is our life, whose end our death.

## THE INHERITOR

BABY mine, how strange to see  
Other faces blent in thine,  
Other greatness touching thee,  
Baby mine.

Something in a curve or line  
Here revives thine ancestry :  
Each on thee has laid his sign.

And thyself ? Ah ! thou for me  
Shalt this heritage enshrine ;  
All I was not, thou shalt be,  
Baby mine !

## REDITUS VERIS

SAD heart and weary brain—they cried to you  
Nor cried in vain,  
For comfort in old sorrow ever new,  
For ease in grip of unforgetting pain,  
Griefs that at heel of bold and overt cares  
With sly, still, jackal paw steal round the camp  
Of pale Endurance, and at unawares  
Ambush the haggard watch of sleepless eyes.  
Then through the unprobed dark—ah sweet and wise !  
Your pity lit a lamp, a little lamp,  
With secret tears and tenderness and ruth  
For fragrant oil to burn, such as once love  
For ward and worship, altar and watchfire kept  
Ablaze ; the dread, the dark, suspect, uncouth,  
Shrank back, nor through that luminous ring dared move  
Where love kept ward, and lovers fearless slept.



## REDITUS VERIS

Sad heart and weary brain—they came to you  
When April rain  
Gentled the unkind air : the lost sun drew  
New life to play at hide and seek again  
Down the shrunk ways that stretch from dryad heart  
To each least twig, dull tipped with barren pearls  
Waiting the touch of the Great Jeweller's art.  
In your heart too brimmed springtide, overflowed  
Richly on mine ; for April rain bestowed  
Compassion, that the close-locked bud unfurls  
Of frozen hope ; for April sun the glow  
That is youth's self, pulsing up through the touch  
Of comfort-laden hands, or looks that thrill,  
Falling from understanding eyes, and lo !  
The numb heart stirred ; grief half relaxed her clutch ;  
The wine of life renewed the nerveless will.

## TRIOLETS

CHARTERHOUSE high on the hill  
Keeps the last kiss of the sun,  
Though the winds buffet at will  
Charterhouse high on the hill.  
Here our true rose-gardens still  
Bloom, for though summer be done,  
Charterhouse high on the hill  
Keeps the last kiss of the sun.

Charterhouse watches the vale  
Over the gathering night ;  
Hillside and homestead grow pale,  
Charterhouse watches the vale.  
So as life's memories fail,  
One, we say, still is in light ;  
Charterhouse watches the vale  
Over the gathering night.

## A BEETHOVEN NIGHT

MUSIC awaits you. Let it melt  
Round aching heart and weary sense,  
Like night-dew on parched summer grass,  
Cool-fingered with beneficence.

Is the soul choked, the heart oppressed,  
With hopes unspoken, foiled, denied ?  
*Adelaida* sweeps you free  
Full flood on love's impassioned tide.

Does troth seem cold, Truth cloak his face ?  
Hark ! *Leonora's* faith dares all :  
Outsings the shadow even where Death  
Races the rescuer's trumpet call.

Is life too heavy, thought made dumb  
With the old questioning " To what end ? "  
Grief-taught, the Master, too, heard *Fate*  
*Knock at the door*, yet would not bend.

Those summoning notes that high and low  
Now leap in surge, now ripple by,  
As though the inexorable should smile  
And say : " Love, too, and life am I,"

## A BEETHOVEN NIGHT

These you shall hear to-night begin  
The symphony's splendour ; then half drowned  
In beauty, pierce the charmèd ear,  
Whispering the Infinite in their sound.

Fate knocks—you hear ?—serenely stern,  
Bars and unbars :—the Master knew,  
And from her strength his harmonies  
A sustenance immortal drew.

He knew, he felt—and in his hand  
Music became no weakling toy,  
But, resolute and strong, bade man  
Mingle Necessity and Joy.

# THE “ UNFINISHED ” SYMPHONY

## 2ND MOVEMENT

WHENCE, ah ! whence this bubbling stream,  
With merry shallows, with sombre deeps ?  
You shall plunge your hands where the lilies dream,  
You shall cool your face where the water leaps.

A jocund stream—it is life in the sun,  
It is joy and struggle, and love and strife,  
And beauty for all till its course be run ;  
O stream, we drink of you—such be our life !

Whence, ah ! whence ? It seems to flow  
Part from the far-away mountain pass,  
Part from a cleft in the rocks below,  
Where the trees stand back from the shining grass.

Come with me up to the old grey rocks,  
Where the stream slips out from an arching roof ;  
No shepherd is here with his nibbling flocks,  
The very trees stand waiting, aloof.

## THE " UNFINISHED " SYMPHONY

See, under the arch, in a hollow cool  
Half wrought by nature and half by art,  
Our stream's pure source, foursquare—a pool  
Breathless, expectant—a thing apart.

Shadowy clear the water lies,  
Shadowy dark the rifted walls ;  
And slowly dawning on troubled eyes,  
A fronded grace from the shadow falls.

'Tis the pool of life ; by a nether spring  
Fed, and brimmed by a dropping-well :  
Here surging powers that darkly swing,  
Here love that falls with its guiding spell.

Kneel on the rough-squared slab at the edge of the pool  
Kneel with me ; hand in hand, and eye with eye  
Gaze through the dark where deeper shadows rule  
The liquid floor in dim translucency.

Strain your clear eyes ; 'tis life wells from the deep ;  
You guess it by the sand-grains set a-dance,  
By the slow-swaying weeds whose spirals sweep  
Strange rhythms, like music stealing through a trance.

Plunge deep your look ; this hour you seem to know  
Life's heart of hearts, though these same pulses move  
The tiny ripples that in mischief throw  
Fanciful gleams and tricksome lights above.

## THE " UNFINISHED " SYMPHONY

The air's all music :—happy melodies  
And rich embroideries of woven sounds :  
Grave notes that yield to glad : bright themes that seize  
Immortal joys to fill our mortal bounds.

The air's all music :—all joy—all delight :  
A summer day, with bees among the flowers,  
Itself alive with passionate beauty. Night  
Prevails not utterly against these hours.

. . . . .  
All beautiful ! Yet hark ! that other strain !  
Slanting across the rest that sink or swell,  
Softly insistent, sweet as summer rain,  
Again !—you hear ? and yet again !  
The limpid cadence of love's dropping-well.

What notes are these ? What strain of ecstasy,  
Where only tears can speak the imprisoned joy ?  
The Genius strung its quivering stars to be  
The sign of love's serenity  
Down all the changing scale of life's employ.

Tears, happy tears of love's true wakening  
Are these, and ever through life's music run,  
And ever drop to fill the secret spring  
Like pearls that from a loosened string  
Fall, fall, fall, fall—down dropping one by one.

## ENCELADUS

(SUGGESTED BY TCHAIKOWSKI'S "SYMPHONIE  
PATHÉTIQUE")

### I. WAR WITH THE GODS

TITANS ! Of mighty forces mighty inheritors,  
Huge brood of elemental Earth,  
Crouch no more helpless—idly dismayed,  
Reft of your birthright, robbed of a world !  
Doom is not yet, though these young upstart powers  
Have seized the Olympian throne, and lord it now  
Over the Earth and us the Sons of Earth.

But up ! let loose old Chaos, long subdued ;  
With storm and dread eclipse, with flood and fire,  
Fire of Earth's smouldering wrath from the depths new-awakened ;  
Floods tempest-born, hill-gathered, impetuous,  
Darkness quenching the arrowy shafts of the Sun-god—  
With lightnings unleashed, with earthquake and avalanche,  
Stroke and shock of our o'erwhelming strength,  
Assail them, destroy them, hurl down from the throne  
These puny godlets, the delicate darlings of mannish form,  
Who with mere craft and cunning have cajoled  
Our careless might, and filched our sway, and laugh  
To see our dull, slow, unavailing mass.



## ENCELADUS

Up ! Up ! Porphyryon, Mimas ; up ! Typhoeus, breather  
of fire ;

Alcyoneus, and ye, strong in a hundred hands,  
Gyas and huge Briareus. Stay not now,  
Stay not to crush the lesser brood of hate,  
The gods' creation of small pricking things  
Who swarm like spiteful ants about our ways,  
And plague and pinch us out of all our haunts  
From long-backed Erymanthus and the cave  
Taenarian, dreadful gate of Dis, deep cleft  
Where the last mountains front the southern sea,  
To hill-girt Thessaly, of horse and hound  
Beloved, and untamed Thrace, far stretched between  
Strymon's bird-haunted fen and Haemus' snow.

Up ! brothers ! 'Tis Enceladus calls ; his voice  
The cry of Earth our Mother, fierce and free,  
Of Earth our Mother, with us dispossessed  
Of her strong attributes, by no weak ruth  
Or melting pity moved to hold her hand  
From uttermost fulfilment of her will.  
Our sovereign strength is challenged by the gods ;  
Destroy them,—we the strong shall rule again ;  
Our will, the balanced march of restless powers,  
Is let by man's weak cries to pitiful gods ;—  
Destroy them, and our will is law again.

So to the mountains, where they camp in fear,  
Waiting half-earthly succour, for alone  
The gods may not prevail. Tear up the hills  
For stepping-stones to the Olympian height ;  
Against them Ossa stands ; on Ossa pile  
The mass of Pelion ; so shall we scale

## ENCELADUS

The cliffs they deem impregnable, and face  
Equal their cowering line. There once arrived,  
Impetuous guests of all unwilling hosts,  
Out of your hundred hands spare one apiece  
To grip each false right hand of all that crew,  
And with rude greeting grapple them in such sort  
That never more shall any call us cold,  
Unmoved by wrongs, unready to repay.

Up then to the battle,  
The moment supreme ;  
Let the depths tremble, the mountains fail ;  
Let Earth's nether flames outflash and outburn  
The new-wrought Olympian bolts ;  
Let heaven's palaces fall and the new gods  
Yield to the ancient sovereignty of Earth.

## ENCELADUS

### II. CHORIC SONG OF THE SICILIAN PEASANTS MAKING DEVOUT PILGRIMAGE TO THE SUMMIT OF ETNA

UP! Up! Over the mountain clear dawn, the hound of day,  
    Shepherds home the stars ;  
Sunshafts strike on the snow-peak,  
    And swift before the stroke  
From hoary forest and naked hill  
    Faints the tremulous dew and floats  
    Dimly in vapour away.

Come forth out of the deep glen, from farms that nestle close,  
    Ringed about with trees,  
Chestnuts sweet in the warm sun,  
    And terraced olive-yards.  
By green glades dance where the sun breaks in,  
    Tread the windflowers white and blue,  
    Arm you with asphodel spears.

Pine woods that in their dark ranks mount guard above the glen,  
    Strong against the storm,  
Cool caves, Oread-haunted,  
    And rocks of hanging shade  
With woodsorrel decked and maidenhair,  
    Leave unvisited ; dancing feet  
    Turn to the wilder expanse,

Far tracts perilous neighboured to heaven's high serene,  
    Sunny homes divine,  
Where Earth's warden the Sun-god,  
    And Thunderer supreme,

## ENCELADUS

Regard transgressors whose impious feet  
Idly trample the unprofaned  
Stern, unapproachable heights.

Unharm'd, we unoffending leap forth upon the steep  
Guarded by the gods ;  
Sing we victory god-won,  
The might divine acclaim,  
Who smote the strength of the insolent,  
Force insensate, abhorred of gods,  
Violence hated of men.

Dark Earth, Mother who bare them, deep, deep again in dark  
Hides the Sons of Earth ;  
Etna, prison tremendous,  
Holds undefeated still  
In mind their leader Enceladus,  
Breathing fire of the doom he serves,  
Menace to mortals anear.

Vain, vain lust of destruction ! For lo ! as if to mock  
Unrepentant ill,  
Peace, awe, beauty abide here,  
Whose woof astir with life  
Enwraps that prison implacable,  
Laced with snow where the smoke curls through,  
Gemmed with the wildings of spring.

## ENCELADUS

Up then ! Over the mountain leap forth with eager feet,  
Dance with merry song ;  
Great gods wait for our worship,  
And joy attends our feet.  
With airy footing approach the heights  
Now made holy, a shrine for men,  
Holding the peril afar.

## ENCELADUS

### III. BENEATH ETNA

#### ENCELADUS SPEAKS

DEFEATED ! Abandoned ! Lone into darkness hurled !

Never again to see

The clear, good light smile on the upper world !

Never more to go free

Taking the largesse of the springtide woods

That the shy dawn with wonder floods ;

Or the turfy hollows among the hills, close cropped by nibbling sheep,

And grey rocks hot in the noonday sun

And rills that cool in their shelter run

By the shepherd's haunt that all day long the backward shadows keep.

Peneus shall see me haunting his banks no more

Where from green Thessaly

He gathers up his dallying streams to pour

One rush of ecstasy

Through the wild glen, deep cleaving where I pass

The adverse mountain's sullen mass.

Nevermore with arrow on string shall I mark the roedeer steal at dawn

From mountain thicket to pasture new,

His trail a shade in the silver dew,

And I his tracker a darker shade by wood and hanging lawn.

Abandoned ! Forgotten ! Earth and her younger brood,

Children of Joy and Day,

Thought nor remembrance nor solicitude

Spare for us Earthborn, prey

To wrath and blindness and unvenged despair.

They live, and know no other care.

## ENCELADUS

We have fought for the glory of Earth, are destroyed, bruised, lost, out of mind ;

They have peace, and cringe to the lofty gods :

They have life, and bow to their stinging rods ;

Earth Mother forgets her eldest birth in the joy of a well-starred kind.

Here darkness consumes me, save when the fires of doom

Strain at the leash of Hate ;

Here silence chokes me, save when through the gloom

I hear foreboding Fate.

Dim seen, dim heard, visions of wrath to be

Old Chaos sends to comfort me,

When the might and cunning of man uncurbed, in overweening pride,

Shall turn on Man the torrent of strife,

And slake his lust in his brother's life,

And then the slayer in turn be slain his hateful wealth beside.

The great gods who gave them carelessly of their fire

Shall watch it blaze awry

Fanned by my jealous breath ; a self-lit pyre

Where man burns ceaselessly.

The gods who bound me mock beyond my reach ;

So let their favourite's ruin teach

How Earth that vainly prisons the Earthborn shall feel his power still,

And shuddering deep with his gathering rage

Breathe up from the depths for this hateful age

His hate of the Makers, his scorn of the Made, his undefeated will.

In darkness, abandoned, yet is some comfort here

For my immortal pangs ;

The upstart's equal pain, where slow-drawn Fear

And Hatred set their fangs.

## ENCELADUS

O Chaos, rise from out the dark, whence I  
May never pass to liberty !  
It is dark ; let the fires primeval be lit in Man's Olympian lamp ;  
    I am bound ; let the bonds of the new law break.  
    Gods baffled, my sight and my freedom make  
For all the fetters that all their powers on the fallen Earthborn clamp.



## RASPLATA

(Rasplata, the " Reckoning," was the first reckoning that Nemesis took of the fated Czardom, and it was paid in blood at Port Arthur and Tsushima.)

ROUND the Czar, the great White Czar of all the Russias,  
Gathered his mighty men, his warriors, priests and counsellors,  
Grand Dukes, princes, lords of the lives of the toiling peasantry,  
Soldiers reckless of bloodshed, priests whose high superstitions  
Fence with majestic faith and fervour for sacred panoply  
" Little Father," the Czar, adored of patient multitudes.

Who shall call their works to account—bid answer for power ?

None but themselves ; no challenge rings out to their insolent hour,  
" Rasplata " !

Not the love of their land nor giving of self in sacrifice  
Moved their souls ; but as the eagles are gathered together  
There where the carcase lies, so in their fierce rapacity  
Princes, soldiers, priests, pillars of high autocracy,  
Seized on office and power, enslaving the heart of their motherland,  
Filching the moneys of State, battenning fat on iniquity.

Banished or slain were the murmurers ; yet in the ear of Fate  
Lingered their murmur : " Reckoning comes to you soon or late :  
Rasplata ! "

Starved were the fighting men, the ships were robbed of their armament,  
All unequipped, unpractised the strength of the mighty millions ;  
Poor the nation, but rich and splendid the great men's revelry,  
Rich their minions in office, their emulous rivals in bloodsucking ;

## RASPLATA

Nearer the edge of destruction, the hate of avengers implacable,  
Deeper the craft of false friends, planning a ruin precipitate.

Loud grew the sound in the ears of Fate, and lo ! on her lips  
Came the first whisper of doom : " Not far is the day of eclipse :  
Rasplata ! "

Greed again grasped, and lo ! at the touch, the fires of destiny  
Flashed out on sea and land ; from end to end the vast continent  
Travailed in fruitless anguish of struggle foredoomed to frustration,  
Void of the means to accomplish ; in the field the leaders at variance,  
Armies that patiently suffered ; the splendid fortress impregnable  
Yielded up by a braggart, the favoured minion of Emperors.

Loud and louder the menace ; and those who had bowed in awe  
To the might of empire grew ware of the work of a mightier law,  
Rasplata !

Last, the gambler's throw that would snatch reluctant victory  
Out of the unprepared, impossible hazard ; and oceanward  
Sailed the hapless armada to pay the last of the reckoning,  
Helpless, slow, unwieldy prey for the sea-hunters waiting it,  
Ready, alert, fierce-fanged—Ah pitiful courage, and merciful  
Plunge where the sea brought death for balm to the long-drawn agony !

Loud rang the word of Fate ; they heard it and fell dismayed,  
The princes who owed the reckoning ; but woe for the souls who paid,  
Rasplata !

## ABSCHIED

### THE LAST OF SCHUMANN'S " WALDSCENEN "

THROUGH these green aisles the westering sun  
Pierces the depths with level ray ;  
The silver beech-boles burn to gold,  
The greenwood shadows faint to grey.

Stay yet one hour—the sun still hangs  
Gay trappings on the shadowed trees ;  
One last hour—though the *Chase* is done,  
The *Lone Flowers* shudder in the breeze.

Look once more—though the *Prophet Bird*  
Is silent by the *Haunted Glade*,  
Then go, while yet the warm impress  
Clings to you, joyous, undismayed.

## WHEN STORMS ARE DONE

WHEN storms are done, and the waves cease to boom  
Long menace, or with sickening terror stun  
Thought and clear will, bowed to some helpless doom  
When storms are done,

Then twice blest smile the seas ; twice blest the sun  
Drives out dim ghosts from the soul's haunted room ;  
Twice blest the haven after anguish won.

Forget not. Memory for a foil holds gloom  
To the intense light ; but rejoice, as none  
Like those rejoice, who life nigh lost resume  
When storms are done.

## OXFORD REVISITED

CITY of ardent youth's eternal fire  
And hope unalterable, youth's constant guest,  
How cold to-night on thine impassive breast  
Lies the May moon of unfulfilled desire !  
That light wherein young love once dared conspire  
With strong ambition on life's ultimate quest,  
And the heart dreamed fulfilment near, oppressed  
By no surmise of failure, climbing higher.

But now enchantment weaves its spells awry ;  
Those high resolves, poor ghosts with piteous eyes,  
Start from the moonlit streets at every turn,  
And wail regret. Stay ! though ambitions fly,  
Love has enriched the tale of simple days ;  
Still clear and strong his splendours inly burn.

## THE WHITE AND THE RED

You wore my flowers in your belt,  
The heather red, the heather white ;  
Took half the luck you shared with me,  
And all the love I dared to plight.

The white for gage of Fortune's smile,  
Our eager hearts' too happy creed,  
The deep red for the running fire  
That is the heart of truth indeed.

Blest sign ! Shall I not dare believe  
You choose to share your fate with mine,  
And take the red flame from my heart  
To light in yours the fire divine ?

## NEW YEAR, 1919

YEARS of the wolf, farewell—a glad farewell !  
And war-racked Pity, hail !  
As now once more, surprised and timorous,  
New Year peeps from under the Old Year's veil.

Four New Years have we seen, sad hoping,  
Now the fifth, with a torch on high,  
Lights the midnight with a starry signal—  
O follow, follow, till the dawn be nigh.

Four long years ! And to-day with sudden respite  
Grief with his gaunt wolf-pack stays on his hunting trail,  
And Sorrow, the heart's familiar guest unsleeping,  
Lies in the inmost chamber, quiet and still and pale.

Put off grieving while we welcome the beloved come back to us ;  
Put on joy—and yet remember those that come not back again ;  
They have laid the deep foundations of the new world we shall build for  
us,  
And joy renewing in grief remembered shall wake as the bud in the  
swelling rain.

## THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

THERE is a land that's only seen  
By Fancy's retrospective eye,  
Which on life's highway still can spy  
Stray signposts pointing right or left,  
To purple hills or woodlands green,  
Wide plain or secret valley, cleft  
In some huge mountain's shadowy side,  
Where dread and melancholy hide.  
To right and left the signposts stand,  
Untrodden paths on either hand,  
Yet all lead out to one same land,  
The land no living eye has seen,  
The wonderland of Might-have-been.

Grant I now live by sober prose,  
No "hint of blue" to turn my brose  
To "turtle," still I once aspired  
(Oh! do not this for sin impute  
To callow youth—all young folks do't)  
To be a Poet! Nature fired,  
Methought, the furnace of my heart;  
Its stokehold glowed with conscious art;  
Its steam-gauge marked poetic force  
In latent power of countless horse;



## THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

But, somehow, Nature did not fit  
Proportioned gear for using it ;  
Some valve was choked ; alas, I found  
Too oft the wheels would not go round !  
And so I've missed the crown of bay  
That else were surely mine to-day,  
Nor mine's a dwelling on Parnassus  
Gracing a tenth-edition peak :—  
Unmarked among the middle classes  
A modest Surrey home I seek.

Pass, strenuous heights where we divine  
The presence of the inspiring Nine !  
Pass : turn to this, this shadowy sign  
Prefiguring worlds as blue as these—  
Blue clay, Blue Mountains, blue gum-trees :  
Not Attic wit, but Austral wealth,  
Expansion, democratic health,  
And streams that tempt a fiercer thirst  
Than draughts from tinct of matter free,  
Where art is last, and gold is first,  
Pactolus and not Castaly.

Sixty years since 'twas no great town  
'Twixt bush and beach came nestling down,  
And, for the wool that filled her sheds,  
Watched the scant shipping pass the " Heads."  
Sixty years since, his heart aflame  
For ventures new, my grandsire came,  
Since, high or low by fortune tossed,  
His hopes remained, whate'er was lost.

## THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

He was a rover, quick to try  
And quick to leave, if luck seemed shy ;  
With ardent, speculative glance  
In Mathematics as Finance ;  
Warm, generous, easy, too oft known  
For all men's friend except his own.  
He one time with his partner held  
A strip of seaside land ; it spelled  
Millions, should once the infant town  
Outgrow its cradle. Now, to crown  
A sovran city, it is set  
With traffic's gleaming coronet  
Of wharf and warehouse, jetty, dock,  
And Custom House and business block,  
And round the Heads rich argosies,  
An endless fleet, crowd to the quays.

To wait was long ; he spied elsewhere  
Some speedier gain and sold his share,  
Impatient, ere its hour had struck,  
To be beforehand with his luck.  
Had but his patience matched his zeal,  
Content to wait on Fortune's wheel,  
Had his chief study been to see  
His duty to posterity,  
I might have been tenfold his heir,  
Colonial Magnate, millionaire,  
Perhaps a Premier and a Knight  
(The title stays when place takes flight),  
Somewhat, at least, a politician,  
Though most, I fear, in opposition,

## THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

Coquetting with the Labour vote  
To keep the Marxite from my throat,  
And locally, with harmless swagger,  
Known as King Dick of Wagga Wagga.

Pass ! On the path I follow next  
Problems perhaps are less perplexed.  
There's comfort in the thought that Sydney  
Best suits men of another kidney.

This sign shows forth with gracious hand  
A city in a mellow land,  
City of dreams and haunted spires  
And ancient thought whose generous fires  
Glow through the problems of to-day :—  
My city once in the glad May  
Of budding minds that feel the sun  
And sap through inmost fibres run.

What promptings of enthusiasm  
Then spurred me as I faced the chasm  
That fronts a youngster, right ahead,  
Betwixt a First and daily bread :  
To guide the State, to lead research,  
To ply the pen, the tongue, the birch,  
In Fleet Street find life's roving call,  
Or chartered safety in Whitehall,  
Or watch beyond the uncrossed Bar  
The Woolsack for a guiding star,  
Or if not these, at least begin  
Where the Schools end : essay to win  
A Fellowship, that prop sublime  
For conscious worth and feet that climb.

## THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

Had not a whisper indiscreet  
Turned from this path submissive feet,  
I might have worn a Doctor's gown  
In the grey streets of Oxford town,  
And with these outward pomps put on  
The shining nature of the don,  
And ah ! by this I might have been  
Perhaps a Head, at least a Dean,  
(A Dean, that is, without the gaiters,  
And though not " Very Reverend," still  
The wielder of the College will,  
Awful to youthful dissipators,  
And in his high, didactic sphere  
Mental and moral Grand Vizier).

Pass, vain dreams, pass ; my well-trod ways  
Are less romantic, yet I praise  
The present ; modest though it be  
'Tis portioned with felicity.  
And though dream-worlds may seem the best—  
In dreams—I know and choose the rest,  
And leave untried, untouched, unseen,  
The marvels of the Might-have-been.



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